
Title: Dark Offspring 5

Author: An old sage

The young granddaughter of the village elder strolled through the outskirts of the village. It was her grandfather's birthday and she was picking berries for his favorite pie. She giggled to herself as she thought of the smile of her grandfather's face when he would eat the pie. She loved her grandfather dearly and knew that she was dearly loved not just by him but by the entire village.

A rustling in the bushes made her start. The hair on the back of her head began to stand on in. A dark shadow crept out of the bushes and into view and let out a loud, "Meow!"

"Dont frighten me like that Shadow," said the girl as she rubbed the cats head.

She watched as the cat slunk away into the bushes. She shook here head and told herself that she was such a coward to get frightened to easily. Smiling to herself she continued to pick berries.

She sat there under the tree nibbling on some of the berries. "After all," she thought, "Grandpa

wouldnt mind me
taking a few." She
too loved the berries.
She was so
pre-occupied that she
didnt even notice the
rather loud rustling
of the bushes next to
her...

A farmer was
hoeing hay in a
nearby field when he
heard it. The
desperate cry of a
little girl echoed
through the woods.
Immediately followed
by a roar and the
sound of commotion.

Sound the entire
town was out
searching the forest
for the girls. They
searched for many
hours but to no avail.
They had just about
given up hope of
finding her when a
strange huntress rode
into town carrying the
body of a mutilated
girl. It was quickly
determined that this
was the
grand-daughter of the
village elder.
Everyone was stunned.
The huntress claimed
that he had seen a
man very closely
resembling Sigurd at
the head of a pack of
Dire wolves sneak up
on the little girl and
kill her in the most
horrid fashion. The
townsfolk already in
a state of shock were
willing to believe most
anything. Many of
the members retained
theirs wits however
and demanded that
Sigurd be given a
fair trial. The
huntress desperately
tried to rally the
people to go hunt

down Sigurd. She,
however, was
unsuccessful in her
attempts....

Just then, however,
Sigurd's wife
returned. She had
been searching for
Sigurd in the forest
and their home, but to
no avail. Very
worried she began
asking the townsfolk
about his whereabouts.
The huntress began
asking her questions.
When she revealed
that she was Sigurd's
wife, the huntress
drew renewed support
from the people and
began accusing
Sigurd's wife of being
in league with him in
the foul deed. She of
course denied it, but
the townsfolk were
already too angry to
listen to logic. The
huntress smiled. She
had achieved her goal.
Now all she need to
do was act.

The frensied mob
grabbed Sigurd's wife
and drug her out of
the city. There they
stoned her, amidst all
her pleas for mercy,
justice, and
compassion. The
huntress smiled again.
The stage was set.
Now all she had to do
was wait and see how
Sigurd would react to
the news of his wife's
death...

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